ER 11-9122-a

Mr. Carlos H. Craig, President
Hoosier State Press Association
Versailles, Indiana

Dear Mr. Craig:

Thank you very much for your letter of 12 November inviting me to speak at the 26th annual convention of the Hoosier State Press Association in Indianapolis on 9 April.

I sincerely regret that I am unable to accept your very kind invitation as I have tentative plans to be out of the country about that time.

Your courtesy in asking me to participate is indeed appreciated and I would like to take this opportunity to wish you every success in your convention.

With kindest regards.

Sincerely,

Allen W. Dulles
Director

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November 12, 1959

Mr. Allen W. Dulles
Director of Central Intelligence
2430 E. Street
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Dulles:

I would be pleased to have you speak at the 26th annual convention of the Hoosier State Press Ass'n. on Saturday, April 9, 1960 at the Marott Hotel in Indianapolis. I know that the representatives of the 235 daily and weekly member papers and their guests will be greatly interested in the message which you can present.

The Saturday luncheon is our main speaking engagement and I expect Saturday would fit into your schedule more conveniently. Any other details of your visit can be arranged if you will advise me of your wishes and plans of the trip.

Since the HSPA is a bipartisan organization, we like to avoid strictly political talks.

I will be looking forward to your early acceptance of this date and to meeting you at that time.

Sincerely yours,

Carlos H. Craig

Carlos H. Craig
President
Hoosier State Press Ass'n.

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Approved For Release 2003/03/28 : CIA-RDP80R01731R000200070009-8

Mr. Charles P. Curtis
Choate, Hall and Stewart
30 State Street
Boston 9, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Curtis:

It was very thoughtful of you to send me your article on "George Whitney Martin, 1887-1959."

I have read it with much interest and appreciate your bringing it to my personal attention.

With kindest regards.

Sincerely,

SIGNED

Allen W. Dulles
Director

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Whitney Shepardson asked me if I would not send to the members of the Round Table this brief account of George Martin which I wrote for his Fiftieth Reunion next spring and which has meanwhile come out in the Groton School Quarterly.

LPE

Approved For Release 2003/03/28 : CIA-RDP80R01731R000200070009-8

George Whitney Martin
1887-1959

By CHARLES P. CURTIS, '10

AN account of George W. Martin may very well start with his father, Edward S. Martin, of the Class of 1877 at Harvard, the great editor of the old Life, the one that carried the bold device we all remember, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" Father and son had much in common, the same perspicacity about people, coupled with the same candor and wit to express what they saw. For George as well as for his father, words stood ready and willing to do as they were bid.

George, however, was never satisfied with the command of words. He preferred to edit life itself, and he had all the talents for the undertaking. His vivid feeling for reality was whetted by a sense of humor that ranged from a smile to a guffaw, while it was chastened by loyalties and devotions. His tongue was nimble and his pen was acute. Whom he hurt he could cure with a smile. What he praised he could, and sometimes did, temper with a grin. And George's interests coursed his world like a pack of hounds on a fresh scent. You will appreciate how far his world extended, from frontier to frontier, from sea to sea, when you understand how George was able to reconcile the two great polarities of scepticism and devotion. Another key to open an understanding of George Martin is his fearlessness, which George sometimes wore with enough bravado to make it a panache and sometimes with enough passion to fit it to a cause.

George Martin died on January 5, 1959, after he had just passed seventy, of a heart attack, suddenly, in New York. He was born and bred in New York. He was a New Yorker. "I was born in Rochester," he told a friend, "and I don't mean Minnesota. I detest the West, and I'm damned if I ever go west of Seventh Avenue again." But he was educated in Massachusetts.

George prepared for Harvard at Groton School. He went there in 1900, when a now quite obsolete era had only fourteen years more to go. He stayed there the full six years that the headmaster, Endicott Peabody, believed necessary before a child could be sent to college. But Groton School meant more to George than a preparation for college.

When George went to Groton, the school was only two or three years older than George himself. Endicott Peabody was reaching the height of his powers and repute. His personality was the structure, the bone and sinew of the school. What he could not give it, the other two cofounders of Groton added, William Amory Gardner, the great teacher and exemplar of intelligence, and Sherrard Billings, the kindest clergyman that ever lived. They supplied what Endicott Peabody lacked. The result was good. There can be no doubt that George would have agreed with what President Theodore Roosevelt wrote to Peabody, accepting his invitation to speak at Prize Day, 1903 (Ashburn, page 175): "Groton stands for the hopes and beliefs and aspirations, and above all for the sturdy resolute purposes which represent all that is loftiest and truest in our American life."

Nor is there any doubt that the George Martin who listened to T. R.'s Prize Day speech was already the George Martin who wrote, years later, in January 1944, in *Harper's*, a piece that George called "Preface To A Schoolmaster's Biography", which it is a pity he did not go on and write. George wrote, "T. R. came up when he was President, and he too made a few remarks. He

urged the boys not to take champagne or bottles with them on camping trips in the Adirondacks — honestly, that is what he said. it sounded awfully *pukka* at that time; but long afterwards many wondered what it was all about."

Few have more loved with less illusions than George. Here, in his love of Groton School, we have a good example. No one observed the school with more perspicacity. No one loved it with less illusions.

Groton School had two obvious characteristics. One was its Anglo-Spartan discipline. Years later George wrote Sam Duryee, the chairman of the Board of Trustees,

> "When I was a boy the organization at Groton weighed rather heavy on me. I was always having to play foot-ball when I was wanting to consider the ethics of Aeneas's treatment of Dido. After you play foot-ball the only things that interest you are supper and sleep.
>
> "But the Winter Term was wonderful. You could play fives, or not play fives. Sometimes the river froze — beautiful black ice, and we skated for miles. Or there was snow, and we went for long walks on snow-shoes and conducted interminable discussions about the nature of God, or what girls really were like, or whether it was truly important to do any studying. In the Winter Term there was opportunity to read and think and talk, and no overwhelming necessity for outwardly exhibiting school spirit. And the Rector — who usually was in favor of occupying boys all day so that they would get good and tired by night — even he said the lack of organized sport in the Winter Term was a good thing."

The other was the fact that Groton was a snob school, but there was no snobbery inside the school. It was the school itself that was a snob. George became aware of this later, but it abated his love for the school by not one jot. George wrote the Trustees,

> "The Rector used to discriminate in favor of clergymen's sons, Southern boys, Western boys, army officers' sons, Jews, younger brothers, and sons of graduates. Miword, it is positively spectacular to think what would have happened to the School if he had not done this. Here he had a School that was the Mecca for all the brats of all the rich Wall-Streeters: lazy, over-fed, athletic, unread — almost illiterate, riding around in Cadillacs, wintering in Florida, interested only in money. Where could he find the yeast for all this dough but by constant and deliberate admixture of education and nonconformity?"

Is not love the truer for the fewer illusions it battens on? The better George came to understand Groton, the stabler became his love.

It is hard to tell what a man most cherishes in his college career, as he looks back on it. The friends he made — and kept? His awkwardness or weakness in athletics that opened the way to a pursuit of his intellectual curiosity? The teacher who transcended the course he gave? His solid unspectacular reach for his degree? The simple pride of being a Harvard man? No single thing dominated George Martin's memories of college. Not the club he belonged to, the Delphic; nor his writing the Hasty Pudding show; nor his presidency of the Signet. He took happily and successfully what Harvard had to offer.

From the College, George went immediately into the Harvard Law School. Thence in 1912, after a summer in Europe, he started polishing up the handle of the front door of the law as a junior clerk in two large New York law firms. First he was with Byrne and Cutcheon, then with Everett,

Clark, and Benedict. "I worked so hard," George said, "that my imagination atrophied, and my initiative died, and I was chronically exhausted." Such is the lot of every satisfactory law clerk in a big firm in a large city.

In 1916, George married Agnes Wharton Hutchinson, a Philadelphia girl. Their country place in a village in Connecticut, Wilton, became the center of gravity of George's life. Wilton, to be sure, was outside of New York, but within walking distance of the state line, and it was a surcease and a sanctuary from the mad streak which ran through life in New York City. Indeed, Wilton was where horse hair upholstery had been invented. George, the Metropolitan New Yorker, became also a Connecticut Yankee.

Then came World War One. George had not been too exhausted to become almost as much a military man as a lawyer. He had enlisted in Squadron A of the New York Cavalry. In May of 1917 he resigned from the law firm and he went to Plattsburg, which led to a commission in the 104th Field Artillery, and brought George to France in July 1918. By September he was in the line, north of Verdun; and for two months George and the 104th followed the infantry down the Meuse. George was promoted to First Lieutenant. He became the Battery Executive Officer. He was cited for gallantry. Then he was ordered to Paris for service with Colonel House. He was attached to the Peace Commission till February, 1919, when he was ordered home with dispatches from General Pershing to Secretary Baker. On March 3, 1919, George resigned from the army.

George had been through enough war and enough battle not to be horrified by war itself, enough to hold his manhood dear if any spoke who had not fought with him on Crispin's day. Twenty-odd years later, in 1940, George was urging the United States to get into the war against the Nazis. One day he received a letter, via the New York Herald-Tribune, which he very much enjoyed answering. The letter read,

To the New York Herald-Tribune:
Attorney GEORGE W. MARTIN,
New York City

Dear Sir:

The Associated Press report that you are one of a group of thirty persons who in a meeting at Washington on Sunday urged the United States to enter the European war immediately moves me to ask:

What fighting did you do in the last war?

Are you now of an age and of physical and mental fitness which would enable you to do military service?

If you could not be in our armed forces, how many of your own sons would be?

If we go to war now, what would you have our men fight with?

Kindly reply by return mail.

Yours very truly,

FRANK MILES,

Editor, "*Iowa Legionnaire.*"
Des Moines, Iowa, June 10, 1940.

Here is George's reply:

FRANK MILES, *Esq.*
"*The Iowa Legionnaire,*"
Argonne Armory Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Mr. Miles:

I have your letter of June 10, 1940. Answering your questions: In the last war I enlisted in the United States Army in April, 1917, and was honorably discharged in March, 1919. I received the divisional citation for gallantry in action during the

Argonne-Meuse offensive. Is this enough, or will you have it inch by inch and minute by minute with a full box score?

Owing to the fact that I have supported myself wirhout the assistance of the taxpayers ever since being discharged from the Army, I am now of an age and of a physical and mental fitness which will enable me to do military service. The only possible question of my mental fitness arises out of the fact that I am a member of the American Legion.

It is wrirten in the Scriptures that Samson inflicted immense loss on the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass. If you will be good enough to send me your lower maxillary, I will forward it to the War Department in the full confidence that the country will hardly need more than this.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE W. MARTIN

New York, June 13, 1940.

Within a year, George was to be back in the army, in the Second World War. This time George had a command. He was colonel of the Fourth New York Infantry Regiment, then brigadier general of the Fifth New York Artillery Brigade. But this time it was on Long Island, not overseas; and now, at the age of fifty-four, he was schooling and training men to do what he had done twenty odd years before. George Martin was the stuff victories are made of.

The only way George could tolerate fools was quizzically, or appreciatively as a connoisseur relishes Bombay duck. For example, there was a fool who kept pestering a friend of George's, and one day when they were discussing the undesirability of fools, George remarked, "Everyone has his crown of thorns, you know, and I guess he's yours. Well, you've got to wear it. But the trick is to cock it over one eye."

George, discharged from the army, with a wife and two small children, without much of any money, now confronted the problem of a career and a livelihood. A man with such a tough and active mind could be pretty sure of success at the bar, but George had no great affection for the law. Looking back at law school, he had said,

> "I had never before seen very able men really extend themselves in dialectic, and to take part in their classes was at once exhilarating and dismaying. The progress from a premise to a judgment was as resistless as predestination. The acquirement of this process of thought — its employment becomes involuntary after a time — tends to destroy interest in imaginative things. At least, I found it so."

He now looked at the practice of law with enough misgivings to consider banking. "I thought I should like to be a banker, and went to see old Mr. Otto Bannard, who was then head of The New York Trust Company. I asked him if banking was a learned calling where one could study books in solving problems. 'About as learned as the butcher business,' said he.'

So George returned to the practice of the law with the firm of Martin, Hooker, and Roosevelt. F.D.R. was resting there before running for the Vice-Presidency with Cox in 1920. The firm soon became Emmet, Martin, and Martin; and there George practiced law for the next thirty-five years.

But a law practice, however successful, was not going to satisfy the cosmic curiosity of a George Martin. He was not going to rest content with editing any one side of life.

Education had been nudging his curiosity for a long time, and the way it worked seemed to him to be an open question. In George's own words, "Education is one of those subjects, like divorce or constitutional law, on which everyone has an opinion. Some think it is involved with vocational

instruction; some think it is to 'discipline the mind'; some hold it to be the acquirement of media of self-expression; and some think it is just a formal process to which the young should be exposed for a certain length of time."

So in 1925 George turned his attention on Brearley School, "which undertakes to prepare for college about four hundred and fifty girls from the silk stocking district of New York," he said; and, "It is a good deal the best school, either for boys or girls, that I know anything about," he added. This is a good example of George's enthusiasm. At any rate, Brearley became such a school before George retired as its president twenty years later. The first thing he did — and the best — was to snatch Dean Millicent McIntosh away from Bryn Mawr to be his Headmistress. This had to be done from under the guard of Miss Park, the President, who wanted her dean to succeed her. It took George's best powers of persuasion more than a year.

From Millicent McIntosh George learned how education worked, but he gave as much as he was given. When George retired in 1944, she said,

> "No one knows better than the Headmistress what George Martin has done for the Brearley School. She has worked with him for fourteen years. For most of this time, he has come to see her every Tuesday morning, arriving on the school bus and spending from an hour to two hours discussing with her all possible aspects of the school picture.
>
> "No problem has ever been too small for him. The Head remembers with gratitude his infinite patience interpreting to her the new and bewildering world with which she was faced in her early years. George Martin had plucked her almost by force from a peaceful scholar's life; he shouldered wholeheartedly the responsibility of bringing her up in the way she should go. No tears, no recriminations; no dodging the implications of New York nor retreating into an ivory tower. She still often recalls his trenchant sallies: 'It is not enough to be right; you must also be successful.' 'When a mother gets angry with you or with the School, it's because underneath she is afraid.' These and scores of others have helped her through many difficult moments.
>
> "Others will speak of his financial vision, of his fantastic courage, of his unsuspected kindness, of his wit, and of his belief that the teacher is the center of the educational system. He is a man of mystery and of contradictions — of prejudice combined with wide tolerance; of intellectual and moral passions and of iconoclasms. The greatest contradiction of all lies in the fact that he has devoted a good part of his life to helping run a girls' school. He does not really like or admire women; and yet the part he has played in Brearley's history represents his profound faith in their educability when exposed to the right kind of school. That the Brearley is the right kind he has never for a moment doubted. 'You have the best and most interesting job in the world,' he once said to the Headmistress. And he is largely responsible for the fact that she thinks this statement is true."

George replied, simply: "The important things in education, as in government or armies or family relations, are not written down in books or formulated in rules, but are products of understanding and common sense and courage. How simple it is! At least as long as Mrs. McIntosh is Head. Of course it is important to have her as Head — otherwise there would be nobody to drink the water to quench the fire to burn the stick to beat the dog to chase the cat to catch the

...ut that ate the malt: you know, nothing ...ould happen."

Brearley was the house that George built. ...es, but George had done more than build the house. He had helped brew the malt of ...ducation. Mrs. McIntosh, by then President of Barnard, on George's death, said, "I count George Martin as one of the great influences on my personal and professional life. He showed me that one could be sophisticated without losing human sympathy; that one could be honest without acting like a Christian martyr; that the delights of the intellect and spirit can survive a strenuous life. It is with these delights that I shall always associate him."

About this same time, in 1925, George got an opportunity to exercise his polemic talents from an unexpected quarter. Endicott Peabody asked him to be the editor of the *Groton School Quarterly*. George accepted in a letter at once thoroughly characteristic and, if that alone were not enough of a warning, precisely prophetic.

> "The most interesting question connected with the school is whether it educates anybody. But all the cranks talk about this very secretly — not being of one mind at all — and wherever two or three are gathered together no one talks about it for fear of being considered unloyal. This seems to me the wrong attitude. If the school is an avenue to Truth then it need not fear what anyone says about it. If it is not, the quicker we find out the better.
>
> "The danger is in this case that if I write a provocative editorial on the subject calculated to smoke out anyone with any thoughts on it and prod him into the correspondence column, I shall hurt your feelings. This prospect causes me to oscillate somewhat in my orbit and is uncomfortable — in fact not the proper attitude for a real radical at all. The prospect for an acrimonious and div...rting discussion, however, is excellent, a... vast interest in the school should result ..."

George was passionately opposed to the 18th Amendment. He was one of the founders of a Voluntary Comm...ttee of Lawyers, some four thousand of th...m, who fought it out in "battle with the Met...odist hierarchy", as George put it, and from which, he added, "the whole Protestant cl...rgy emerged discredited." George wrote a editorial for the *Quarterly*, with the title, *...j'etais Roi*. Its subject was "The Dut... of Rebellion." Thoreau's Duty of Civil Disobedience had gone no farther. Here are ...wo paragraphs:

> "Is submission to an... law a moral obligation? Surely not unl...s the submission carries with it the pers...nal conviction of rightness which make... it moral. Plato said that the good life ... not the life one *ought* to lead, but th... life that, after solemn reflection and self-examination, one really *wants* to lead. To be moral is to know what one is doin... It is false that man is meaningless exc...pt as part of some social whole. Our first ...uty is to be true to our conscience, th... Inner Voice of Socrates, the Still Smal... Voice of Elijah. . .
>
> "Well, my period of ...decision is ended. For years I have triec... to teach boys to live the highest truth a... I saw it. I should also have tried to m...e them live the highest truth as *they* s...w it. I have told them the answers. I sh...uld also have told them to examine criti...ally the basic assumptions of life for th...mselves. I should have placed more empl...asis on intellectual integrity. Instead, I ...ave stressed conformity to the current moral code which I considered noblest. ... have taught the importance of obedienc... I have neglected the duty of rebellion."

The trouble was, people all over the country, in spite of the title, took it to be Mr. Peabody speaking, not an editorial; and Mr. Peabody, far from advocating rebellion, was a staunch believer in obedience to the law. Mr. Peabody minded most the deluge of congratulations from his graduates, praising his courage.

George at once apologized, but he did not repent. He wrote Mr. Peabody,

> "The Editors of the paper agreed that an apology should be published on account of having involved you in the authorship of the prohibition piece. I wrote the handsomest apology you ever saw, and submitted it to the rest of the Board. Three of the remaining four concurred with me in thinking it was magnificent, but the fifth refused positively to apologise at all. That was curious, wasn't it? After an hour's hard work he was cajoled and threatened into agreeing to the form which will be published — which is the lamest, grudgingest acknowledgment of a mistake imaginable.
>
> "Well, that is tough luck. I like to do everything in the Grand Manner — even in apologising. It embarrasses the other party if you apologise without qualification or hesitation. Now you won't be embarrassed, and that is too bad."

The *Quarterly* under his editorship had been a great success. William Amory Gardner said, "A few years ago the Alumni started the *Groton School Quarterly*. It has been most successful. Besides being very interesting to both present and past members of the School, the advice and criticism contained in its pages have been valuable and fruitful. Its power consists largely in its complete — sometimes violent — frankness, which is always intelligent and always perfectly affectionate and loyal."

What George enjoyed most was conversation and where he had it best was at home in Wilton. There, as he put it, "an indecently large and hilarious family of skeptics argued about God and animal behavior." But the conversation was almost as good at the Century Club, what with lunch on a Saturday and at meetings of the Admissions Committee, whose business was best done when it was most enjoyed, and at William Lockwood's table at the Down Town Association and at the dinners of the Round Table, where George and Learned Hand between them made the conversation as good fun as it was festive.

What a place the Century is! The memorial there that George would relish most is a pewter beer mug engraved with his name and his dates, 1924-1959. But the best are the memorials George wrote, as Historian, of departing members. It became, indeed, a privilege to predecease him. Here the light of his perspicacity shone through affection into understanding, and what he wrote reflected himself. Take a few sentences for what they tell us indirectly about George:

> "For he belonged with the Titans in the ages of the world. Aristophanes would have recognized him as a brother, and Montaigne would have welcomed him as a kindred spirit. At the Mermaid Tavern he would have been completely and uproariously at home with Marlowe, Jonson, and Shakespere, and — never doubt — he would have been found talking with Sir Thomas More, and Raleigh, Philip Sidney and his sister, the Rabelaisian Countess of Pembroke." (Leonard Bacon)
>
> "Only the passionate are worth associating with. Most of humanity are docile sheep — cautious, calculating, discreet, incapable of either heroism or crime. The fire burned bright in Evarts. He was not always right, but he was always unafraid." (William Maxwell Evarts)
>
> "How to make everyone see that poten-

tially he walks with every condemned man to the scaffold, stands in the prisoner's dock with every defendant denied the right of counsel, halts at the bar with every accused bribed or beaten into testifying against himself — how to make the complacent, solid citizen understand that it is he, not merely some despicable subversive, who is protected by the Bill of Rights! This is the hardest lesson in freedom to make plain. This is the lesson men forget when they are afraid." (Zechariah Chafee)

"Here and there are men who must have been put on earth by an all-wise Providence to make people think. Some of these shake the world — like Socrates — and others are the salt of life, without which living would be drab and civilization degenerate into a great bray in the kitchen." (Bridgham Curtis)

"He was free the way Walt Whitman was free — untrammeled and unafraid." (Jo Davidson)

"This was a man of superlatively high standards, complete integrity, and boundless enthusiasm for whatever task he undertook. The candor of his speech, the courage of his faith, the warm and glowing brightness of his friendship linger always in the memories of those who knew him." (Robert P. Patterson)

George Martin was a skeptic, as much so as Montaigne, now his neighbor and friend. Like Montaigne, Martin stayed within his church. George was a vestryman of St. George's Church in New York. It was from there that George was buried, and the prayer that was not said, but should have been said, at George's funeral, was the one George himself had written:

"O God, Creator of the Universe, who knowest that our only keys to the knowledge of the future are the study of the past and the understanding of the present, send down upon our University the healthful spirit of thy grace, and strengthen her against intolerance and the blight of conformity. Grant that we her sons shall be doers of the word and not hearers only, and that, in her libraries and in her laboratories, we shall come to know the truth and the truth shall make us free. *Amen.*

Is it possible to sum a George Martin up, simplify him, memorialize him? No. His curiosities, his achievements, his interests, and his concerns are too Protean.

"Mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity —
There shines a brilliant and
romantic grace,
A spirit intense and rare, with trace
on trace
Of passion and impudence and energy."

As George once said about another, "Like Ulysses, he was part of all he met." But only a part of George. For George Martin was a Mr. Standfast, a Mr. Valiant-for-Truth. In George's wallet, after his death, there was found a passage from Plato's Republic, reporting Socrates saying,

"Wherefore my counsel is, that we hold fast to the heavenly way and follow after justice and virtue always, considering that the soul is immortal and able to endure every sort of good and every sort of evil. Thus shall we live dear to one another and to the gods both while remaining here and when, like conquerors in the games who go round to gather gifts, we receive our reward. And it shall be well with us both in this life and in the pilgrimage of a thousand years which we have been reciting."